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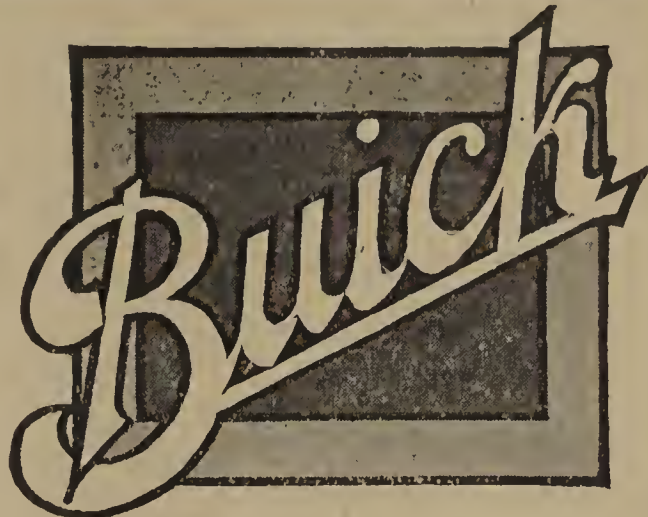
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	<hr/>
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No. 1

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Jack Frost

I hear him frolicking o'er the hills,
I feel his breath in the screaming gale
I see the flourish of his icy wand
In the murky shadows of the distant vale.

Rollicking he comes o'er the sunkissed land
With a mighty shriek, he greets them all.
The stalwart trees, with leaves of green
Turn ashy brown when they hear him call.

The grassy leas and the meadow brooks
Are chilled with fear to hear his tread.
The little birdlings, they nestle close
By mother's wing to tuck their heads.

And flinging wide my garden gate
He strides in. With a wicked leer he
Raises aloft o'er the fragrant beds
His sceptre of ice so deadly and near.

"Aha!" he cried to the trembling flowers,
"When old King Sol from his lurid bed
Gets up in the morn you'll greet him not
For with this sword I'll strike you dead."

With one cold blow he laid them low,
My tender blossoms, so sweet and rare
And skipped away to the lonely hills
Where hidden in frost was his icy lair.

In the morning light when the mists rolled back
And Sol with a smile stepped forth from his bed,
He saw with dismay all over the land
The trees and the flowers, naked and dead.

"Oh, cruel Jack Frost," he said with a sigh,
"You came last night where asleep I lay
And blasted the life of my pretty flowers
That look up, and smile, all through the day.

"You have torn the leaves from off the trees
You have stopped the birds from their merry play.
Oh clouds! gather round as thick as you can
I shall hide my face from the earth today."

MURIEL CHAMBERLAIN, '25



Ten Minutes with the Principal

“‘T would be a fine thing, if we could lend that much money each year,” said Mr. Dickey, as he glanced up from his work at his desk to explain to me with much enthusiasm ‘The Huttlestonian Scholarship Loan Fund.’

“You remember that last year ‘The Huttlestonian’ presented to the school the sum of one hundred dollars as a nucleus for a college student loan fund. This year, we hope to lend five hundred dollars to those graduating students who need help in order to go to college. This money will be loaned for four years, the latter including four years of college and one of employment. After five years, if the money is not paid back, the student will be expected to pay interest on the money for the overtime.

“This means that it will be at least five years and perhaps longer before the Fund will be able to support itself. If we are to raise five hundred dollars each year, there will be a total of twenty-five hundred dollars. We expect to raise the money by entertainments, et cetera. The Commercial Department originated the idea of selling candy at the football games and the students have already added considerably to the Fund. The profit to date is two hundred dollars.

“It means a good deal of work to raise two thousand, five hundred dollars,” concluded Mr. Dickey, “but as I said before, it will be a fine thing for the school to do.”

FREDERICK MOSS, '27

ANOTHER SCHOLARSHIP

While we are on the subject of scholarships, we must say that we are sure the school is exceedingly grateful to Miss Sears for a gift of one hundred dollars as a scholarship for this year. This is apart from "The Huttlestonian Scholarship Loan Fund."

FREDERICK MOSS, '27

FOOTBALL

Recently, comments were made concerning the commercializing of football in Fairhaven. No doubt football does financially increase the school's coffers but where does all the money go? It helps to supply the deficit that baseball, basketball, and track brings about. The school could not have the number of boys participating in sports that it does were it not for football. Ninety percent of the student body is actively engaged in one sport or another during the school year due to the support of football. Therefore, let us consider ourselves fortunate in having a football team that helps to keep our boys physically alert!

ALFRED ANDREWS, '26

1925-1926 ORCHESTRA

The orchestra that turned out for the first rehearsal of the school year was an improvement over that of last year, and it looks now as if we were to have a most successful season. Mr. Jones, the leader, would very much appreciate a trombonist if there is one in the school. The school's aim this year is to increase its financial returns for the purchase of new instruments, a praiseworthy way of spreading interest in music. We are sure the citizens of Fairhaven will attend the concert in force to assure the success of this project.

ALFRED ANDREWS, '26

'Time Ya Got?

WE wuz ridin' on one of them Mid-Western trains, Jerry McPeak an' me, when this thing what I'm tellin' you happened. Yer see me an' Jerry've been side-partners for a long time. P'raps yer know Jerry McPeak, a little sawed-off runt with an imagination like a rubber band.

But, as I wuz sayin', we wuz sittin' in the day-coach of this here train on one of the hottest, dustiest, and darndest days thet they produce in thet section of the country. We'd dozed off an' on five or six times already, so sleepin' wuzn't any fun no more. So long about the middle of the afternoon we wuz gittin' desp'rit for somethin' to do.

Pretty soon, I notices get on the train a man with a Sunday-got'-meetin' look on his face, but his clothes wuz dusty an' he looked hungry an' tired. After a while, he looks around an' seein' Jerry comes over an' asks what is the time an' if the train is late, which is the perlite way of startin' a conversation on a train. Now, as I said afore, Jerry wuz achin' to do somethin' so he complies with the stranger's request an' pulls out an immense gold watch. Jerry is real proud of this watch, 'cause his father won it as a welter-weight champeen o' the town of Red Rock, Indiana.

"Twenty-five past three" says Jerry, fingerin' the heavy gold fob. Then the little man thanks him an' turns to go. But Jerry stops him an' asks if he won't sit down an' talk an' maybe eat some of our grub left over from our lunch. The stranger sits down smilin' real delighted-like. He says his name is Wilkins — Henry Wilkins. Then Jerry introduces hisself an' says thet the lanky galoot side of him is Bill Jepson, — thet's me.

Jerry opens our suitcase an' from under the day's newspaper digs out a parcel of good ol' fashioned ham sandwiches. These Wilkins heartily stuffs down him an' seein a headline on the newspaper says thet the police appear to be idiots when it comes to stoppin' crime an' thet when he wuz a missionary in Africa the natives killed a feller only once a week to go with the Sat'day night beans. Jerry says thet he'd had a little to do with criminals an' goes on to say a lot of stuff thet wuz new to me. At this point I got real interested. Yer see I know thet Jerry's only experience

with the police wuz when he got run in for celebratin' the Fourth in an unbecomin' manner.

But Jerry's imagination wuz all wound up an' he goes on to describe his own system for trailin' an' identifyin' criminals. Wilkins listens, takes it all in, an' agrees between mouthfuls of sandwich.

"Jest think," says Jerry, "p'raps there is a criminal on this very train plannin' his next crime."

"Yes," says Wilkins, "it might even be me." An' he laughs an' Jerry laughs an' they both chuckle together like as if it wuz a good joke.

"No," an' Jerry lowers his voice, "but d'yer see thet big fellow with the bull neck, over there — see how he hides his face behind his newspaper? I'll bet he's seen the insides of many a jail."

Wilkins says prob'ly so an' they get to talkin' on other subjects. By 'n' by, Wilkins says that he'll have to say good-by since he gets off at the next station. After he'd gone I nudges Jerry an' asks him how long since he wuz a criminologist, but he only regards me coldly.

* * * * *

We wuz near to the end of our journey when who should come over to us but the big man.

"Beg yer pardon," says he, "but do we get to Chicago afore six o'clock?"

"Yes," says Jerry.

"Well, may I ask what is the present time?"

"Jest-a-minute," I interrupts. "D'yer mind tellin' us yer name?"

"Not at all," an' he smiles. "Providin' yer don't tell no reporters. I'm Clayton Young."

"Not the great engineer?" we asks, an' he nods his head. I laughs out loud, an' much to Jerry's disgust I tell him about Jerry thinkin' him a crook.

"I'm complimented," he laughs. "But what did you say the time wuz?"

Jerry feels in his watch pocket, but, strange to say, it wuz empty.

FREDERICK MOSS, '27

Twilight

Close to the western horizon
A golden disk descends,
Blending with the restless waters
Where the winding river wends.
In a sea of melted amber
Flecked with primrose gold
Twilight steals, in pallid hue
A night shade to enfold.
Gathers in the ribbon streamers
Strewn across the sky,
Draws a veil of grey chiffon
Which she hides them by.
With a twinkling star she pins it,
Just to make it stay
To fade off in the dusky eve,
Until next close of day.

HELEN MARTIN, '28



ON September 25, 1925, Colonel Lindsay, who was acting as a prologue in aiding the picture "Don Q" at the State theatre in New Bedford, came over to speak to the boys and girls of the Fairhaven High School.

Colonel Lindsay has spent much of his life in South Africa, and he talked most interestingly of the habits and mode of living of the South African natives, and of the wild beasts of that country.

The Colonel knew to perfection the art of handling the large Australian cattle whips, and gave the boys and girls an exhibition of different tricks with whips of various sizes. Colonel Lindsay's demonstration was greatly enjoyed by all as the art of whip cracking is seldom seen or heard of in this part of the country.

Another interesting speaker who has addressed the Fairhaven High School pupils and teachers was Dr. Walter, who spoke on the subject of "Get What You Want."

Dr. Walter stressed the point that one could obtain what he wanted in life if he took the right attitude toward getting it, and looked for the beautiful things which counted.

On October 19, Mr. Prior, whom everyone likes to listen to, gave us an instructive talk on "What Fairhaven Expects of Its High School Pupils."

He stated five different qualities that the citizens of Fairhaven look for in school pupils: the first was to be mentally alive; second, to have the manners of young ladies and gentlemen; third, to use good English, for one is largely judged by what he says and how he says it; fourth, to have pride in the reputation of the school; fifth, to use conscientiously the educational advantages offered by the school so as to be fitted for life in terms of knowledge and the power to think clearly.

EVELYN SMITH, '26

The Observant Student

After seeing the blue sailor trousers worn by some of the boys, the school authorities have decided not to change this school into a naval "prep" school. Every boy desiring to enlist will be personally encouraged to join the army!

In a recent talk with a Metropolitan life agent, I was informed that his company had refused to take out any accident policies with F. H. S. girls who play hockey. They would much rather take a chance with the football team.

Shakespeare was supposed never to repeat. The senior college English class wishes Miss Siebert wouldn't try to keep up the reputation!

The Blossom twins are the despair of many teachers who have them both in a class. Mr. Staples, however, has found a solution to his problem. Bradford this year is wearing glasses while Clarence is not. (What would happen if Bradford should leave them off?)

IN THE HISTORY CLASS

Teacher—Everybody when called upon will stand upon his feet. (How else could they?)

Jimmy—"Why do they put B. C. after dates?"

George—"Because they didn't know whether the dates were exactly correct, so they say 'bout correct."

Pupil—"This method of marking doesn't seem right. Why I got minus one, and—"

Teacher (interrupting) — "That shows a very poor lack of preparation."

Question:—"Who were the 'Pirates'?"

Answer:—"Sailors off the coast of Africa."

Visitor:—"What is the cause of the noise that sounds so much like cows let loose?"

Pupil:—"Oh, those are the dignified seniors who are calmly obtaining their history for special reports."

FROM ROOM 5

Teacher—"Why does Virgil repeat Aeneas' story?"

Pupil—"To fill up more space."

ON THE BOARD IN FRENCH CLASS

"Oui, nous n'avons pas les bananes.

Nous avons les framboises."

DID YOU KNOW

Teutonic civilization got its figure of the human body from Greece, and its calendar from the Hebrews.

Homage was the ceremony by which a man became a knight; it was also something like a villein.

A bad feature in the Mohammedan religion is that they have to kneel down and pray every time a bell rings; another bad feature is that the men keep their wives in rooms.

The Hebrews were hard to civilize because they did not know anything.

St. Benedict started feudalism.

EXCERPTS FROM FRESHMAN ENGLISH THEMES

Rip awakes from his sleep:—

"I made my attempt to stand and look around for these men who robbed me of my gun and dog, but felt my joints stiff."

Rip in the village:—

"Does anyone know Rip Van Winkle?" The people pointed to a lad leaning against a fence with ragged clothes on.

Rip in the village:—

Going through the street I noticed some people stroke their chin so I stroke mine and found it about a foot long.

DARY DUNHAM, '27





Football Team — 1925



The football schedule for 1925 is the hardest any F. H. S. team ever tackled. The schedule for the year and scores of the games played to date is as follows:

F. H. S.	13	Hope	0
F. H. S.	32	Framingham	0
F. H. S.	26	Swampscott	0
F. H. S.	26	Dartmouth	6
F. H. S.	35	Falmouth	6
F. H. S.	14	Durfee	0
F. H. S.	61	South High	0
F. H. S.	0	Salem	20

The members of the '25 squad are—

Aiken, Alden, Bates, Bartlett, Beal, Browne, Burns, Cieurzo, Capt; Coe, Cook, Dexter, Doran, Dunham, Harold Dutton, Howard Dutton, Entin, Flathers, J. Garcia, M. Garcia, Hammond, Horne, Hossley, Kinney, Mack, H. Macomber, R. Macomber, McGowan, Moss, O'Leary, Page, Parkinson, J. Perry, T. Perry, Pierce, Portos, Rocha, Sheard, Silveria, Simmons, Slocum, Stiles, A. Sylvia, J. Sylvia, M. Sylvia, Terhune, Tunstall, Wlodyka, Wood, Wrightington, and York.

Let's hope that the team of '25 will be even better than the teams before, and that they will keep up the record of the '24 team!

We suffered a great loss in Capt. Sullivan who had pneumonia at the end of last season, and has not been able to play this year.

HAROLD B. DUTTON, '28

Girls' Athletic Association

The first G. A. A. meeting was called to order, in the Assembly Hall, by Miss Boynton at 1:35, Wednesday, September 24. The meeting was held for the purpose of electing officers for 1925 and 1926. After the new president was elected she took charge of the meeting. The following officers were elected: President, Mildred Parkinson; Vice-President, Edith Kenny; Secretary, Palma Champegny; Treasurer, Lucille Perry; Faculty Advisor, Miss Boynton; Basketball Manager, Margaret Mangham; Publicity Officer, Virginia Vokes; Cheer Leader, Constance Dudgeon.

It was voted that money should be taken from the treasury for flowers for Miss Jason.

It was voted that during the membership drive, from September 28 to October 5, that the president elect members from each room to collect the G.A.A. dues.

It was voted that the by-law in the constitution stating the time for paying dues be changed, limiting the time for payments to January 1.

The meeting was adjourned at 2:30.

Respectfully submitted,

PALMA CHAMPEGNY,
Secretary, G.A.A.

Welcome Freshmen! G.A.A. is ready and waiting to extend to you a hearty handshake. We want to make a friend of every girl of the incoming class. We are depending on you to further our ideals of good fellowship, real sportsmanship, and fair play. Every girl should remember that she can get as much out of an association as she puts into it. Girls, when you join the G.A.A., make up your minds to be as much help as possible!

The High School Girls met the Alumni in a fast game of hockey, played on the Girls' Hockey Field, Columbus Day at 10 A.M. The result was a 6-3 score with the High School on the long end.

MILDRED PARKINSON, '26
President, G.A.A.



To Our Faculty

Here's to the teachers of Fairhaven!
Here's to their efforts true.
Here's thanks to each one for the
things that they've done—
O teachers, here's to you!

You've lessened our problems so hard;
You've explained to us things that
were new;
And you've taught us each day some
easier way—
O teachers, here's to you!

So here's to the teachers of Fairhaven!
They've all been faithful and true.
They've given us cheer throughout all
the year—
O teachers, here's to you!

MURIEL CHAMBERLAIN, '26

The Little Old Lady's Secret.

INTRODUCTION

I wrote the following story with a desire to answer an oft recurring question in my mind: If one were engaged in warfare, which would come first, the duty to one's country or the love held by family bonds? It is said that our country's cause should always come first, no matter what the cost might be. But I am asking you if any real human being could completely ignore the feelings of his heart to carry out his duty. Would you have acted any differently than the little old lady of my story?

AS the dear old wrinkled lady sat in front of the fire, the last remark of her young grandson was still ringing in her ears. The more she tried to forget it the more emphatic it grew, until finally the little old lady became so worked up by it that she brokenly repeated the lad's words, "No matter what the cost, my country's cause shall always come first." And again, "No matter what the cost, my country's cause shall always come first." Tears filled her yet undimmed eyes, and in a tremulous voice she said, "No, it can't be true, it can't be true." A look of despair passed over her countenance as she thought to herself, "Oh, if he could only, only know." Her secret, however, was locked up forever in her heart and the key thrown away. So carefully was the secret guarded that not even her loved ones would ever know what her heart had harbored. And to-day the words of her grandson had descended upon her conscience like a thunderbolt falling unexpectedly from the skies. The words had ripped open the wound in her heart, leaving her secret exposed from a long slumber, and smarting with pain and humiliation. As she sat there, her thoughts went back to her girlhood at the time when the Civil War was nearing its end.

When she was but a tiny child, she and her older brother Richmond had become orphans. Shortly after this sad experience they went from their Massachusetts home to live with their uncle in the South. There in the constant companionship with each other the wonderful love of brother and sister had grown to its fullest extent. Though she was then too young to realize what her brother was to her, on looking back she knew that he had most unselfishly done all in his power to take the place of their lost mother and father. Not only had their love for each other grown, but also a deep affection for their uncle. There was never a truer southern

gentleman than Uncle Robert Drakeford and no matter how busy he might be with his dignified lawyer's practice, he always set aside one part of the day which he might spend with his nephew and niece at their play. There was a special tie between Richmond and Uncle Robert as the latter saw in his splendid nephew the ideals which he held sacred. Never did he stop impressing upon Robert the great responsibility of keeping the name of Drakeford unblemished, and of cherishing the loyalty he owed to the South.

When she became of age the Civil War had broken out. Brought up in the Southern home of her uncle her sympathies were naturally for the Confederates and as her uncle had received the appointment of general, their mansion, due to its locality, had become a sort of headquarters for the Southern Army. She, therefore, spent much of her time with the soldiers working for them, sharing their sentiments, entertaining them. Since the middle of the war no word had been heard from her brother who was attending Harvard College, his father's alma mater, except that he had enlisted. At night when she would flee to the cool retreat of the garden where the stars watched over her like faithful sentinels, she would give way to her feelings and cryingly question the darkness as to where it was hiding Richmond. Wasn't it sufficient anxiety to know that her brother was always under exposure of the enemy's guns, without having to be punished by not hearing a word from him?

On a particular evening, tired physically and mentally from the unceasing strain of her war duties, she was revolving in her mind the speech given by General Carrington that afternoon to the soldiers. As she thought over its contents a feeling of recompense stole over her for all the hard work she had unselfishly done. How proud she had felt, too, when she saw her uncle looking so erect and handsome in his decorated uniform; and now an indescribable thrill of pride ran through her as she thought of how her brother would also look in his gray uniform. Just that morning she had found her uncle gazing at the portrait of Dick which hung in his room. And he had said, "Dick, not knowing where you are is just about killing me; but I do know that if I could see you I would be proud of my nephew, who I feel is ever striving to carry out the ideals of the house of Drakeford."

Upon retiring she first went, as always, to her brother Richmond's room. She lived each day with the thought of the few

precious moments she would have in its peaceful shelter, for, with everything the same as he had left it, here only could she feel the actual presence of her brother Dick.

As she entered the room, the closet door was heard to be quickly thrust open. Someone made an attempt to reach the window but was only able to stagger to the bed, across which fell a prostrate form. For a moment she stood motionless, but only for a moment.

Terrified, she ran screaming to the door. It was but a second until her uncle with some officers came running in answer to her cries. On hearing her hurried story the men entered her brother's room. As the lights fell upon the bed she saw to her horror a despised blue coated soldier — a Northerner — lying there face downward. Disgusted to think that he should be in Dick's room, she unconsciously started to leave at once. But a sharp, hurt ejaculation from her uncle who had turned over the limp form on the bed, brought her to him. There she found herself gazing into the bearded dirty face of her own brother! Ah no, it couldn't be he — lying there — a spy — a prisoner! She clutched at the bed to keep herself from falling. How grotesquely the candles made the figures in the room look, or was it her eyes? Her uncle's voice sounded so far away.

And then as if from another world she heard disconnected commands from her uncle. But, on being pieced together the words made sense, too much sense! How distinctly even now the little old lady could hear the harsh unrelenting tone in which he gave them — "You will search the prisoner! He shall then be taken to the guard house to await my orders for his execution!" The last remark acted as a thunderbolt which cleared her mind from its haze. It couldn't be that! Dick, wounded, to be searched. Dick too weak to offer any resistance, taken and thrown into the guard-house! Dick, at her uncle's orders, to be shot like a dog! Why wasn't he made a prisoner and then given a fair trial at least? During the war her uncle had been captured and held, and though a most important man for the enemy's cause, he had been released during the exchanging of prisoners between the two sides. Was he now giving such a chance to his prisoner — to his own nephew? The unfairness of it all touched her indignation and the sight of her brother lying there in need of medical assistance softened the bitterness which she had always held toward the Unionists.

At that moment, General Carrington who was in command of that district returned. The general, sympathetic for his young friend in her distress, ordered that her brother be cared for until he should recover from his wounds, and that his room be placed under constant guard during his convalescence. For a moment then she was left alone with her brother who now was talking wildly in his delirium. Stooping to touch his lips she made out from his mutterings that in the pocket of his shirt were hidden some papers, which, from his actions she guessed to be of a most important nature. But he was a spy! These papers were of vital importance to her side! She turned to go and as she did so her eyes fell on her uncle's picture gazing at her from the wall. Instantly the harsh, unrelenting voice, the disdainful glance came back to her.

It was all over in a minute! Before the men returned she had deftly secreted the papers in the bosom of her dress.

Three weeks later found her alone in her room. No sign of the anguish felt in her heart was discernible. That morning Dick had been brought in dead! On attempting an escape to the Northern side he had been shot, and important papers had been found hidden on his person. In the room below soldiers were now having a heated discussion as to where the rest of the papers were that must have been concealed on Richmond at the time he was taken prisoner by them. There was only one person who could answer their questions. Would she enlighten them? Never! The story of how she helped her brother to escape would always remain a secret.

She turned slowly to Dick's miniature reposing on her bureau. Somehow to-night Dick's eyes seemed to smile at her, to give her the strength to go on. Her last little doubt vanished. Dick knew that she had played fair with him — that she had done what she thought in her heart was right — that she had been true to herself! As she snuffed her candle it almost seemed as if the beloved lips were whispering to her:

“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.”

DOROTHEA R. PAULL, '26



A FRESHMAN'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL



Sunday School Teacher—"Now of what promise does the rainbow remind us?"

Boy—"It ain't gonna rain no more."
—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did a doctor treat you for that sprain?"

"Treat me! He soaked me ten bucks."
—*Selected.*

Judge (to prospective jurymen) "So you've formed an opinion of the case?"

P. J.—"Yes, your honor, one look at the man convinced me he was guilty."

Judge—"Heavens! man, that's the Prosecuting Attorney!"

—*Selected.*

"Why are you clearing the umbrella stand?"

"Because we have company this evening."

"Surely you don't think they would steal umbrellas?"

"No—but they might identify some of them."

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

He—"Have you seen the latest thing in shoes?"

She—"Feet!"

—*Selected.*

Sambo—"Were you sick with the flu, Rastus?"

Rastus—"Man, I was so sick that most every night I looked in the casualty list for my name."

—*Lafayette Lyrc.*

Prof.—"Mr. Smith, why are you late to your eight o'clock class every morning?"

Smith—"The rest of the class come too early."

—*Grinnell Malteaser.*

"My mother says if I'm good I can go to the circus."

"That's nothing! My ma says if I am good I'll go to heaven."

—*Selected.*

"I found a splinter of wood in my soup today."

"What did you do with it?"

"Oh, I ate it with the rest of my board."

—*Colgate Banter.*

"Who's the Speaker of the House?" roared the political science prof. during an oral exam.

"Mother," responded the meek looking Frosh in the corner seat.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

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Alpha—"So you danced with Betty last night?"

Tau—"How did you know?"

Alpha—"I saw her buying a pair of slippers and a crutch this morning."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

A student should know that just because he has big feet it doesn't mean he's in good standing.

—*Vassar Vagabond.*

A dignified negro divine, pastor of a popular church at Washington, D. C. visited his old home in Dooly County, Georgia, recently and was invited to preach on Sunday at the local church. After such a sermon as only a negro can preach, he called on one of the old deacons, who had known him in childhood, to lead in prayer, and the latter closed his petition as follows:

"O Lawd, gib dis pore brodder de eye ob de eagle dat he spy out de sin afar off. Glue his han' to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de plowline ob trufe, an' nail his yere to de wi'less telefoam pole ob salvation. Bow his head way down in de narrer, dark valley, where much prayer is wanted; den, O Lawd, noint him wif de kerosene ile of sanctification and set him on fiah"!

—*Judge.*

When the teacher read a story about a man who swam a river three times before breakfast one youngster giggled.

"What makes you laugh, James?" she asked. "You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, ma'm, but why didn't he make it four and get back to the side where his clothes were?"

—*Selected.*

He—"Are you fond of golf?"

She—"Am I! You should see the greens I ate for lunch."

—*Lafayette Lyre.*

Little Johnny—"What wuz we put on earth for when we just gotta die?"

Little Tommy—"We-e-ell, I'm havin' a pretty good time, ain't you?"

—*Selected.*

Frosh—"Give me an ice cream cone, please."

Soda Clerk—"Five or ten?"

Frosh—"Just one."

—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

Susie—"I want some fairy tales."

Library Asst.—"Say, lady, you can't fool me. I guess I know that fairies ain't got any tails."

—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

When the butcher responded to his telephone bell, the shrill voice of a little girl greeted his ear.

"Hello, is this Mr. W——?"

"Yes," he answered kindly.

"Well, do you know anything about where grandpa's liver is? We've looked everywhere, but we can't find it."

—*Puck.*

"Persistency in inserting the same advertisement, with no change of wording or illustration is a trait of some advertisers."

"A prospective customer wrote to a firm whose advertisement never seemed to change:

"Have noted your picture of one pair corduroy pants in Home Magazine for past four months. More I see them better I like them. If not sold as yet, please enter my order for same."

—*College Humor.*

Christmas Trees

HOW little most of us think of our Christmas trees except when they are lighted and decorated! Seldom is there a thought of the vast numbers cut each year for the holiday season, or of the enormous waste when, the pleasure lasting for only a week or two, they are thrown out into the ash cans.

At a time when so much is being said of the destruction of our forests, we do not realize the great onslaught which our Christmas tree cutting makes in our woods.

Mr. F. E. Page, State Supervisor of Forestry, says that the number of trees cut for Christmas is about the same as that cut for lumber purposes!

In the State of Washington alone, 1,000,000 trees are cut annually. That state not only supplies all its own needs for decorations at Christmas time, but trees are being shipped to other states and even to the American Island Possessions.

"When the class of trees selected and the manner in which the cutters proceed is taken into consideration, the matter is becoming very serious," says Mr. Page. "If they followed a thinning out process, their activities might even be beneficial, but, because of the economic problems involved, the method followed by the cutters is one which is most destructive to the growing timber."

Purchasers demand trees which are well formed, and this kind can be secured in large quantities only where the growth is rather scattered and needs no artificial thinning. In order to render their operation profitable, the cutters select such tracts and then make a clean sweep, as their ratio of profits is increased largely by the number of marketable trees taken from a given acreage.

But what is Christmas without a tree? "Not much," we all say and right we are. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without a tree.

But why do we necessarily have to cut down the sturdiest and best of our firs to celebrate the holidays?

Let 'em live!

Imagine Fairhaven at Yuletide with a living, glowing Christmas tree in every garden! Glittering by day in the bright sunlight and shining out in the dark evenings with its colored lights — what a wondrous sight for visitors and for the unfortunate children who

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otherwise have nothing but glimpses through windows of other kiddies' delights!

How much fun would be had by the children making their wind-and-rain-proof decorations of tinsel and tin, and how much better they would all feel for having had a full day of outdoor fun around the tree, instead of sitting about the house eating too much cake and candy.

If people still feel they must have an indoor tree — bring it in, but with its roots! A tree planted in a tub will answer the purpose of decoration as well as any cut one, and can later be put into the garden as part of the landscape decoration.

Whichever way, the tree still lives and grows as the children grow, each year becoming dearer as a friend who never fails in its mission of bringing Christmas joys.

PRISCILLA ALDEN, '27



The Commercial Club Initiation



The new candidates for the Commercial Club were in a nervous state all through the day, Tuesday, October 20, for they knew agony was awaiting them at the gymnasium at three o'clock. Each girl candidate had a green hair ribbon and the boys had either a black or green tie. They were all blindfolded, and led around the gymnasium to the doleful moans of a funeral dirge. The oath of the club M.Y.O.B. was then repeated and sworn to be obeyed.

After this the candidates were put through the form of initiation. Eyes of fish a thousand years old were eaten. The hands of the ghosts of those who lost their lives on the Shenandoah were shaken. Worms, a hundred years old were swallowed amidst much shrieking protest, and a live reptile caught in the African jungle was gingerly fondled.

A mock marriage was performed as a final surprise. John Kinney officiated as minister and we are convinced that he ought to choose that profession for his future occupation! Bride, bridesmaid, groom and best man took their responsibilities very seriously. The blushing bride's bouquet of tomatoes and cabbage was artistically arranged.

When the refreshments were served it was noted that the Juniors still had their appetites with them, for the banana ice cream and chocolate cookies disappeared like magic.

Later, Miss Rosamond Simmons at the piano and Alfred Andrews at the saxophone played for dancing.

BEULAH CHAMPEGNY, '26

Our Aeneas As a Hero

It is said that all great deeds of the world are performed by those in whom *joie de vivre* is strong.

If this is so, Aeneas, founder of the Roman race, is the exception which proves the rule, because he lacks this quality entirely. If ever there was a shining example of a man who did his duty doggedly, without a particle of joy, it was Aeneas.

That Aeneas has many good qualities cannot be questioned. When his men are frightened of drowning, although his heart is lead, he soothes their fears saying, "O friends, the gods will give an end to these dangers. *YOU* have approached mad Scylla and Cyclopean rocks. Brace up, and cast off your fears; sometime in the future you will be glad to remember these things. Persevere, and save yourselves for better things."

Through all his misfortunes Aeneas is the polished gentleman, the man of the world. When he addresses both Venus and Dido he is very courteous, and flatters them with extremely pleasing words.

But what a grouch he is! We are introduced to him in the great storm Juno has caused, querulously praying and asking the gods why he wasn't allowed to die before the walls of Troy, instead of on the sea without glory or the burial so necessary to the Roman happiness in the after world.

"O terque quaterque beati,
quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis
contigit oppetere! O Danaum fortissime gentis
Tydide! Mene Iliacis occumbere campis
non potuisse, tuaquae animam hanc effundere dextra,
saevus ubi Aeacidae telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens
Sarpedon, ubi tot Simoïs correpta sub undis
scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit?"

To me Aeneas seems to glory in his misery and to take delight in telling his sad story to anyone who asks for it. The poor fellow *always* seems to have the blues, and although his misfortunes are a bit overwhelming, one sometimes wishes he would brace up, and be happy for his own sake.

Perhaps doing one's duty feeling the way Aeneas does, and under such conditions, is, after all, the highest kind of courage.

RUTH AVERY, '26

Le Petit Roi

PAR ANDRE LICHTENBERGER

(Reviewed by Ruth Avery, '26)

Michel, the little king of Pannonia awoke with the thought that if he were not king he would like to be lazy. But a king must not. And the Kainofs, his ancestors, were first of all kings. Michel sometimes wished he were not king, there were so many things a king must do which were unpleasant and boring for a little boy. There was the examination which the doctor gave him every morning and which even now confronted him. He climbed out of the huge bed and went to the dressing room where the doctor was waiting. As the doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, took his temperature, and sounded his heart, his nurse Barbara stood musing in the doorway. "What a little fellow he is! He grows thinner every day. His bones stick out like a skeleton's, and his eyes look so big and hollow in his little face. They always look as though they were asking for something. Ah me! I don't believe I'll ever bring him up."

Michel had inherited strong traits of character. Now and then his fierce outbursts reminded one of his warlike ancestors. One day he was playing in the garden with Nelly, his beautiful collie, trying to teach her to jump for a lump of sugar. But Nelly had disobeyed and when he shouted, she had run away. Then Michel became furious and threw rocks and sticks at her. Barbara came and tried to comfort him but he refused to be consoled and became more angry than ever. Finally he ran away to calm down by himself.

Michel had no friends except Nelly and Barbara. One day while playing in the nursery he said, "Barbara, where is my mother?"

"Cheri, you know — she is dead."

Michel knew she was lying to him. He threatened to have her discharged if she did not tell him. Finally — "She went away, long ago," Barbara said reluctantly.

"Why?"

Barbara, sobbing convulsively, took Michel in her arms. "I have already said enough. When you are older you will know more."

"Then you are my only friend, aren't you, Barbara, — you and Nelly?"

Michel had the recreations and studies of children of his own age. But not every child of seven is obliged to know the dates of

birth, marriage, births of children, and death of all the rulers of his country, as was Michel. He had every toy a child could want, and played all manner of games — by himself — but the little king was not happy. He thought that to be a king was the most glorious thing one could be. But still he was unhappy.

Every fortnight he was obliged to attend the meeting of the Royal Council, while the men governing the kingdom discussed affairs of state, and oh, how tiresome these meetings were to the little king! Dressed in thick uniform, sitting in the huge council chair, while the old men droned on interminably, the little fellow wished he were out playing with Nelly. He amused himself by examining closely each man and making up stories about him. One man in particular he disliked — a little man with beady black eyes that always seemed to be watching him, and who talked most of the time, coughing after every sentence. The king was always glad when these councils were finished.

It was the day of St. Sventila's fete, and Michel was returning from the tiresome service at the cathedral, in the royal carriage, high above the shouting crowds, with the old Colonel beside him resplendent in his scarlet uniform. Michel was thinking how glad he would be when he was at home, when he saw a man in a second story window, standing with his arm raised. As Michel looked, the man dropped his arm, and something fell into the carriage. What was that round ball, anyway? Why it looked like — Bang! A deafening roar and a flashing fire, and Michel knew no more. When he regained consciousness he turned to ask the Colonel — but where was the Colonel? Michel turned his head and saw the men carrying away a tattered scarlet uniform dripping with blood.

Next, he was in bed. They were bringing in a man. As soon as he saw him Michel knew what they wanted. Then he was asked, "Do you remember this man?" Michel looked at him, standing with a hangdog look on his drawn, white face, yet with a look of defiance smoldering in his eyes. He knew it was the man who had thrown the bomb. Why didn't he say so? Was he sure of the identity? Yes. Well, then! But Michel could not bring himself to condemn anyone to death. Finally they took the man away.

That night Michel had a dream — a terrible dream — in which he saw the man being shot. For days the spectre haunted him till

he grew so ill that a physician was called from Paris. He sat beside the bed and talked to Michel, looking fixedly at him all the time.

"What would you say to a little trip?"

"Where?"

"Perhaps to Cannes on the border of the Mediterranean."

"Cannes! — Oh, I would like it so much!"

So Michel and Barbara and Nelly went to Cannes. How different this country was from his native land! Warm, sunny, blue skies overhead with little clouds chasing lazily across them, and best of all — the sparkling, dancing, blue Mediterranean.

Michel quickly regained his health in this delightful country. But he was very lonesome. He noticed two people whom he would be very glad to know — one, an old lady who looked so like a queen, and the other, a lively little American girl. Although Michel did not know it, the old lady was quite a personage, and she often thought about the little fellow. "What a little fellow to fill such a position!" she mused one day as she sat in the garden. "He looks so thin and so lonesome. I wish he could play with Lily Ware." Now, Lily Ware was the little American girl. Just at that minute the little king was walking slowly by the old lady. The old lady dropped her handkerchief. Michel picked it up.

"Thank you, little boy. Now won't you talk to me for a few minutes?"

They talked till noon. Lily Ware usually came to help Mme. de Stenne to her dinner every noon. But today she was not here. Michel offered to help her. On the way, Lily came running up to them, sorrowfully explaining she had been detained. Then she saw Michel. A king! A real, live king! She suddenly became very confused. Mme. de Stenne introduced the two and Michel invited her to come and play with him that afternoon.

They were playing in the garden.

"Oh! If Your Majesty wishes —"

But Michel hurriedly interrupted, "Please call me Michel."

Lily thought it over and finally said, "When we are alone, I'll call you Michel. When there is anyone else, I will say Your Majesty. Have you a sceptre, a throne, and a crown like real kings?"

Oh yes, Michel had those.

"Can't you show them to me?"

Oh no, Michel hadn't brought them to Cannes. They might have been lost on the way.

They had very good times in the garden, and the days passed all too quickly.

One day Michel was out taking his daily ride. Suddenly, in the carriage beside him he noticed a woman, very fussily dressed, looking intently at him. She got out of the carriage, started towards him, stopped and then her husband pulled her back and the carriage continued. Where had Michel seen her before? Long, long ago. Ah! Mamma! It was Mamma! But of course not. That was the Countess Slasho! What had happened. Michel did not know. But when he reached the hotel, Michel made a discovery. Two tears were rolling down his cheeks. For the first time in his life, Michel had cried.

Finally, word came that Michel was completely cured and must return to Pannonia. What heartaches there were, what tearful farewells on the part of Lily. But travelling towards his cold and cheerless country — towards the lonely palace and the councils, Michel's resolution was taken. He would fight to his last breath to try to live and to be king.

The String Family

As you look at a beautiful harp with its gold pillar and gracefully curved neck, watch the harpist as he glides his fingers over the forty-seven strings, and listen to the sweet voice of the instrument, it is hard to believe that the first harp was only a hunter's bow.

Long years ago, it is thought that a hunter discovered a musical tone in the vibrations of his bow, and as he listened to the vibrations of the bows of his companions, he found that the larger the bow, the lower the tone, and smaller the bow, the higher the tone; so he put the three bows of different lengths together and plucked them alternately. The musical tones reminded him of the calls of different birds, of the wind, and of the waterfall. Thus, we have the advent of the harp into the realm of music, and stringed instruments have been developed and handed down to us.

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The members of the string family are the violin, viola, cello, and double-bass, (sometimes called bass-viol or contra-bass). These instruments are somewhat similar in shape, but vary in size.

The violin, the smallest instrument, is the most familiar to us. It has four strings tuned to the musical tones of G, D, A, and E. The violin is the most important member of the orchestra, and corresponds to the soprano in a quartet. The most famous violins were made in Cremona, Italy.

The viola is similar to the violin, but is a little larger, and is tuned a fifth lower. Its strings are C, G, D, and A. The viola has a melancholy tone compared to the brilliant tone of the violin.

The violincello or cello, the tenor or baritone of the string choir, is a much larger instrument than the violin or viola. It has to be played resting on the floor and supported by the knee, so that it is sometimes called the "knee-fiddle". The strings of the cello are tuned an octave lower than the viola. The cello has the expressive powers of the violin, but there is more strength to its mellow tones.

The largest of the three instruments is the double-bass. It is over six feet tall and is slightly different in shape than the other stringed instruments. It has sloping shoulders, flat-back, and a high bridge. The bow is heavier and shorter than the violin's and is made of coarser black horsehair. The double-bass is played in the same manner as the cello. Its strings, tuned in fourths, are E, A, D, and G. The double-bass is a transposing instrument because it plays music an octave lower than it is actually written. The tone quality is heavy and often gruff so that it is not used in a string quartet.

The instruments that make up the string quartet are first violin, second violin, viola, and cello.

ANNIS HEBDEN, '26



A Fairy Tale of the Cooking Room

The kitchen door was locked for the night and all within was quiet. Suddenly a great noise arose among the pots and pans as a little band of elves danced merrily forth.

"Let's make some gingerbread," said one.

"No," replied the other, "let's make cake."

"Well, I'll make gingerbread," replied the first, "but you can make cake."

So they started telling others to help. The first ingredient for gingerbread was $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of boiling water. So some of the elves heated the water while others put 1 cup of molasses into the yellow bowl, and when the water boiled they poured it into the molasses. By this time the other elves were sifting into a bowl $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour, 1 teaspoon soda, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of ginger and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt. Then how they all watched as the dry ingredients were poured into the molasses and water! Each wanted to take a turn at stirring after they had added 4 tablespoons of melted butter. The tiny creatures poured it into the pan and baked it about 25 minutes which seemed a long time to them; but when it was taken out of the oven how good it looked.

"Oh," said one, "I hope the cake comes out well. How shall we make it?"

"Make it just like a butter cake," answered another.

This is the recipe they found in the file.

PLAIN CAKE

3 tablespoons butter	2 eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk or water	2 tablespoons baking powder
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour	

They put in 1 teaspoon of grated nutmeg and cinnamon omitting the vanilla.

Oh! what a feast they had. As the rays of dawn came stealing into the kitchen, the elves disappeared but not until each one peeked around to see if they had left everything in perfect order. This is really what the cooking classes do although each week a different recipe is used. The above recipes are standard.

MARJORIE KNOWLES, '27

The Condition of the Country at the Inauguration of Washington

The following is a special oral report given by Yvonne Demers before the American History Class.

At the inauguration of George Washington, our country extended from the Atlantic Ocean as far west as the Mississippi, north along the great lakes and as far south as Georgia. The white and red men were intermixed and were continually fighting together, the white men living in constant dread of the Indians. Now that an Indian is rarely seen in the United States there is a growing tendency for our generation to feel more pity for the Indians instead of hating them as did our forefathers.

Thus hemmed in on the east by water and on the west by the Indians were scattered the inhabitants of the United States. It is said that when peace was declared the population did not vary far from three and a quarter million souls. This population was not equally divided, for more settled in the southern states than in the north. The reason for this is obvious. The southern colonies had long been known for their fertile soil. The best tobacco and rice came from there. Except for a little timber to build ships, there was nothing the mother country wished to buy from the north. Under favorable conditions of climate and soil, wealth and population rapidly increased in all states south of Virginia. But it must not be forgotten that one seventh of the population was probably in slavery.

Let us consider conditions in Boston as typical of the country. The people of Boston differed widely in manners, opinions, habits and religion. Though they were united under a common government they were anything but a united people. Then Boston was the third largest city, but if any one should see Boston now who saw it then, he wouldn't recognize it. No bridge could be seen over the Charles River and when it was suggested to build one, everybody was against it, all said that it would be impossible. Finally, in 1786 a bridge was built. The streets of the city were not regular and had English names. They were unpaved, narrow, and dirty.

The houses of the older portion of the city were mean and

neglected; they were built of wood and were unpainted. On the west side of the city the streets and houses were cleaner.

The library was a strange assortment of good and very bad books. Huge volumes now out of print were very much read. Among the sober and sedate readers the puritanical taste was still strong.

Many of the fruits and vegetables now considered an essential were unknown in 1784. The raspberries and strawberries grew wild. Bananas and oranges were for the rich only.

The people of Boston depended upon the farmers for their food. The farmer worked very hard, his work all done by hand. His house, clothes and food were very cheap.

The schools then were very different from the schools of today. They were in session for two months in winter for the boys, and two months in summer for the girls. The master was a graduate of a small academy. He stayed at his pupils' houses and was considered as a guest. His pay was very small. After attending the district school, a boy's education was usually finished.

The village doctor was always well liked and his hand bag was the only drugstore for miles around.

The minister was the most important person of the village. Everyone took his advice which he usually gave without being asked. He was supposed to be divine and to come from divine ancestors.

When Independence was declared forty-three papers announced it; of these only a few were worth reading.

Communication by letter was limited. Sending a letter one hundred miles away was considered business.

The stage coach made trips between New York and Philadelphia in three days. Two coaches and twelve horses were enough to carry all the passengers.

An ocean voyage was rarely taken and if a man dared to undertake such a voyage he would be pointed out on the street with some such remark as, "There goes a man who has been to Europe."

The theatres were pronounced immoral and foolish and it was not till Washington's second administration that a company of players dared show themselves in Boston.

Of the poor very little is known. The man who performed what is now called unskilled labor would receive two shillings a day. It was all he could do to keep his family from starvation.

If a woman or a man were caught swearing or owing a very small debt, he was put in prison. The prisons were dirty and filthy. No one could stay there and live.

What a contrast are these conditions with those among which we are living today!

YVONNE A. DEMERS, '26

Biology Replaces Botany

In place of Botany the school is this year offering Biology. Biology comes from a Greek word meaning "The study of living things" and includes the sciences, Botany, Physiology, and Zoölogy. This science compares the structure and the life processes of man, animals, and plants, showing their relation to each other. It is based on the idea that all living things are cellular in structure.

At present the class is taking up the study of vitamins and the diseases caused by the lack of them. The course is made more interesting by frequent experiments, some of which are done at home and some in the laboratory. All experiments are written and kept in a note book for future reference.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON, '25

General Science

To make the course in General Science appealing and practical, demonstrations and lectures will be given on special topics whenever possible. Already there has been a demonstration of the "Application of Artificial Respiration" under the direction of Mr. Pidgeon, and Dr. Thompson lectured recently on the "Harmful Effects of Alcohol and Tobacco."

GRACE W. MACKIE, Instructor

A Spectator of the Twentieth Century

"Nors hominis faman vertit."

“ ‘ ’ **T**IS strange indeed to speculate upon the reasons why a man is great,” Sir Roger remarked to me the other day. From his manner of speaking, I knew that this was no idle thought, and that Sir Roger was about to disclose his mind to me.

“Indeed,” he went on, “I have been much interested to note in the papers of the great praise bestowed upon William Jennings Bryan who but recently died. It seems that while he was alive the gentleman had no special fame. He was simply a rather notorious character who possessed the doubtful honor of having been a presidential candidate on numerous occasions. He was also connected with a foolishly conducted trial in Tennessee. He was rather a curious character and open to ridicule on all sides. He was reckoned “fair game” by the cartoonists and his fat figure was grotesquely drawn on many a magazine cover.

“All this has changed, however, now that the man is dead. He is no longer ridiculous in the people’s eyes. His name is praised to the skies; he is called a master statesman, and is recognized as one who helped to shape the destinies of his country. He is acclaimed a martyr and the noblest kind of a gentleman. In short, he is now considered as being the exact opposite of everything he was while alive.

“Now what can be the reason for this marvelous change in opinion? The man himself has not changed. He has not shown any merit beyond what he showed in life. The explanation must lie in the fact that the man is dead. He can no longer hear what is said about him; therefore, he is praised. It seems to be an irony of fate that although a man may be cursed while he lives, he may always have hopes of being praised after death!”

GEORGE M. COOK, '27

Exchanges

The Exchange Editor of "The Huttlestonian" takes this means to thank personally those schools who have so kindly sent copies of their magazines to Fairhaven High during the past year. The best wishes to you for 1926.

"The Huttlestonian" is looking forward to the following exchanges for the new year:

The Alpha, New Bedford High
The Chimes, Scituate High
The Radiator, Somerville High
The Orient, East Side High
The Harpoon, Dartmouth High
The Wampatuck, Braintree High
The Red and Black, Whitman High
The Advocate, Needham High
The Echo, Canton High
The Hanoverian, Hanover High
The Student's Pen, East Bridgewater High
The Parrot, Rockland High
The Dial, Brattleboro High
The Sphinx, Shrewsbury High
The Partridge, Duxbury High
The Chronicle, Hartford High
The Unquity Echo, Milton High
The Roger's Review, Fairhaven, Mass.
The Chronicle, Haverhill High
The Imp, Brighton High
The Climber, West Bridgewater High
The Herald, Holyoke High
The Reflector, Weymouth High
The Hermaid, Hingham High
The High School Herald, Westfield High
The Tradesman, High School of Commerce, Boston
The Leavitt Angelus, Turner High
The Pilgrim, Plymouth High
The Eastoner, North Easton High
The Arguenot, Norwood High

(Continued on page 48)

Heap Funny, Eh?

“**B**OB,” wailed Betty, “Do you know where my snowshoes are?”
Bob and Betty were hurrying to go with their father to the station, which was two hours by buck-board.

“Oh! Betty, you are a bother. Why don’t you put your things where you can find them? You remind me of a hen!”

“Bob! What a horrid comparison. I don’t get the point, though.”

“Well,” said Bob, “you never find a thing where you laid it last.”

“I’ll be there in just one minute, father. I want to see Pete again,” Betty called hurriedly.

Pete, the old Indian caretaker of the Phillips’ home, welcomed Betty with a smile.

“Be sure you take good care of Wisdom, Pete.” Wisdom was their pet owl which Pete had found, when a tiny thing, and had given to Bob and Betty.

Bob and Betty were having a good time planning to see how much they could get into one week, as it was not often they left their home in the Canadian woods. Montreal was a grand place to their minds. Mr. Phillips was to stay longer, so Bob and Betty would return together.

The night after the Phillips’ departure Pete went to their cabin, which stood there — dark and silent. However, that didn’t bother Pete. He opened the door cautiously, felt around for a match, and lifted the lamp chimney, ready to light the wick. As he bent over, something brushed his cheek; Pete jumped, dropping the lamp chimney. *)†&\$(!!!???)

“Heap funny,” grumbled Pete as he felt his way to the dining room, lit the lamp and quickly turned to look for the intruder. Nothing!

After brushing up the broken glass he went into the store room, which opened off from the dining room, for another lamp chimney. Suddenly the room darkened. Pete rubbed his eyes. They felt all right. He whirled around — no light!

“Ugh,” he muttered, “Me no like.”

Slowly he felt his way again to the dining room table. A long, drawn out sigh from out of the darkness came to his ears. That was too much for the Indian, and he hobbled away in less time than it takes to tell.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Pete was busy during the next day, but that night he took one of his friends with him when he went to the Phillip's cabin.

When they reached the cabin Pete whispered, "No go fast. Plenty soft."

He went to the door, rattled the knob, then hurried to the window. Both Indians looked in through the window. What they saw made little shivers run up and down their spines. Coming slowly towards them was a face with two huge eyes. Pete and Uncos drew away. They crept to a window on the north side. As Pete opened his mouth to say nothing was there, the face appeared — but only for a second. When it disappeared, a little of Pete's courage came back.

"Heap funny," he muttered. "Come!"

Closely followed by his friend he led the way to the door, unlocked it and went into the darkness. With the parlor lamp lighted, Pete felt much better. He lit two others, gave one to Uncos and kept one himself.

"Find face. Go there," he whispered, pointing to the dining room. Pete took his lamp and went up stairs. He opened the first bed room door. Nothing! The next bedroom was inspected, Nothing there!

As he turned around, something brushed past him and out went his light.

"Bah," he grunted, as he felt in his pockets for another match — when, right in front of him appeared a big face with two huge eyes.

He put his lamp on a table near-by and reached for the mysterious face. He touched something soft but what, he did not know. One touch was enough to arouse the object which made a lunge at Pete. It attacked him in a hundred places. Pete, pawing the air, hit nothing. With a terror stricken yell, he dashed down the stairs and out into the moonlight. With his face and hands cut and bleeding, he was indeed a sorry sight. He asked Uncos to lock the door; then the two Indians stalked off in the direction of Pete's cabin.

* * *

Saturday night Pete met Bob and Betty.

"Well, Pete, how is Wisdom?" inquired Bob.

"Pete," Betty cried in alarm, as she suddenly noticed his bandages, "what is the matter with your face and hands?"

He shrugged his shoulders unknowingly.

When they had nearly reached the cabin, Pete went ahead, for he wanted Bob and Betty to see what he had seen. He rattled the door knob while they crept to the window. They did not have long to wait before the face appeared. Betty screamed and turned away. Bob muttered something to himself.

Half an hour later, as they were sitting before the open fire, Betty said, musingly, "I wonder where Wisdom is?" She had hardly uttered the words when Pete came running in from the kitchen. "Light go out!" he cried.

Bob and Betty went out to the kitchen with him. They had given up hunting, when Betty's quick eye saw something move and she gave a glad cry.

"Bob, look up there!" pointing to one of the beams. "There is Wisdom!" The owl was watching them with solemn eyes.

A disgusted grunt from Pete made them turn to see the old Indian sneaking quietly through the door.

LOUISE RANSOM, '27

EXCHANGES

(Continued from page 45)

The Brush, Swain School
The Burdett Lion, Burdett College
The E.H.S. Record, Boston English High
The Gale, Revere High
The Oak Leaves, Oak Grove Seminary
The Philomath, Framingham High
The Sachem, Middleboro High
The Somerville, Somerville High
The Tattle-Tale, Wareham High
The Torch, Peterborough High
The Abhis, Abington High
The Dorchester High Item, Dorchester High
The Jabbewock, Boston Girls' Latin School
The Record, Newburyport High



Roster of the Class of 1925

Delphina Brown is employed by York and Holmes, Merchants National Bank Building.

Mildred Bryant is employed by Steiger, Dudgeon & Co., as a book-keeper.

Anna Burke is working for a Cotton Broker in New Bedford.

Alice Cardoza is a student at Bridgewater Normal.

Edward Carroll is working.

Raymond Clark is at Massachusetts Normal Art.

Nellie Coombs is taking a night course at Kinyon's.

Anna De Costa is studying nursing at St. Luke's Hospital.

Frank De Rocha is back at Fairhaven High for a Post-Graduate Course, but we heard he had a position in view.

Marjory Dexter is assistant Historian at St. Luke's Hospital.

Bradley Drake is employed by Ted Toyler's, New Bedford.

Edward Dubiel is continuing his studies at Harvard.

Elizabeth Dugdale returned for a Post-Graduate Course at Fairhaven High.

Alice Eitel is doing well at Mt. Holyoke College.

Jennie Ellis is at home.

Anna Fernandes has chosen Leslies in which to continue her education.

Walter Gammons is working in the Merchants National Bank in New Bedford.

Margaret Gifford is working in the Merchants National Bank.

Marjory Gifford is employed at the Standard. By the way, little "Curly" is engaged.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Katherine Goggin is at Boston Normal Art.

Mary Hawes is also continuing her studies at Boston Normal Art.

Ruby Hayden is now Mrs. Nathaniel Shurtliff.

Charles Holland is taking a Post-Graduate Course at Fairhaven High.

Ruth Jason died during the summer vacation.

Elizabeth Johnson returned for a Post Graduate Course at the Fairhaven High School.

Mary Le Baron is employed by the Star Store, as a bookkeeper.

Dorothy Lee is at St. Luke's Hospital training for a nurse.

Jessie Lenhares has secured a position with Ted Toylers.

Dorothea Magilton is taking a Post Graduate Course at Fairhaven High.

Mabel Maker is working in the Atlas Tack.

Letitia Maxson is a student at the Oral School in Mystic Connecticut.

Ruth McMeehan is at Boston University.

Lillian Nye is working in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

John O'Leary is at home.

Lawrence Packwood is in the employment of Swift & Co.

John Parker has entered Clark University.

Imelda Paquette is working for the New England Bakery in New Bedford.

Elsie Perry is studying at Bridgewater Normal.

Margaret Peterson is a student at Mystic Oral School.

Gertrude Pettey is at home.

Eleanor Phinney is now at the Springfield Library.

Ida Pond is taking up nursing at St. Luke's Hospital.

Alphonse Pryzgoda is at home.

Harry Rogers is back at Fairhaven High for a Post Graduate Course.

Helen Seaman has chosen Lesly's in which to continue her studies.

Frances Seymour has entered The Katherine Gibbs School, Boston.

Frederick Sheard is at Harvard.

Edith Shurtliff is working in the city.

Elinor Snow is employed in Bullard's office, New Bedford.

Margaret Soares is attending school at Bridgewater.

John Sylvia returned to Fairhaven High for a Post Graduate Course.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Mary Sylvia is employed in the office of Mendell's Manufacturing Co. in Mattapoisett.

Lona Tankuns is in Boston.

Lillian Topham is working for Ted Toyler's.

Mary Veira is working in a Telegraph Company in New Bedford.

Eleanor Walsh is enrolled in the private school for girls connected with Boston University.

Marjory Wheeler is working for J. R. Libby's Portland Inc., Portland, Maine.

Florence Wilkinson is in the Millicent Library and enjoys her work immensely.

Ruth Woodland is continuing her studies in Framingham High.

Anna Worthy is working in an insurance office in the city.

The Class of 1925 at the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York, graduated from the Academy on June 12th.

Among its graduates was Cadet Waldemar N. Damas, a former Fairhaven High School student. The latter expects to be commissioned in the Infantry and has requested that he be ordered to Fort Strong, Boston, as his first station.



The Editorial Staff of "The Huttlestonian" wishes to express appreciation to all those who have so generously advertised in the magazine. Without their aid, "The Huttlestonian" could not have existed — but with it, so heartily given, the magazine has developed and grown greatly. The Staff feels that due credit should be given to those who have made it financially possible to publish such a school magazine. It may be of interest to know that the proceeds for "The Huttlestonian" are devoted exclusively to the enlargement of the "Huttlestonian Scholarship Loan Fund."

The Staff earnestly requests its readers to patronize its advertisers!

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